

The Musical World.

THE WORTH OF ART APPEARS MOST EMINENT IN MUSIC, SINCE IT REQUIRES NO MATERIAL, NO SUBJECT-MATTER, WHOSE EFFECT MUST BE DEDUCTED: IT IS WHOLLY FORM AND POWER, AND IT RAISES AND ENNOBLES WHATEVER IT EXPRESSES.—*Goethe.*

SUBSCRIPTION, FREE BY POST, 20s. PER ANNUM,

Payable in advance by Cash or Post-Office Order to DUNCAN DAVISON & CO., 244, Regent Street, London, W.
[Registered for Transmission Abroad.]

VOL. 45—No. 37.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1867.

Price { 4d. Unstamped.
5d. Stamped.

CRYSTAL PALACE.

SATURDAY CONCERTS, 1867-8.

THESE favourite Concerts will re-commence for the Season on Saturday, the 21st September, at Three o'clock. Conductor, Mr. MANNS. There will be Two Series of Fourteen Concerts each; the First Series terminating with Saturday, December 21st, the Second commencing with Saturday, January 25th. The price of Transferable Reserved Stalls for both series is Two Guineas. The Orchestra has been re-arranged and considerably increased in size, by which greater convenience, and, it is hoped, greater efficiency, will be obtained in the employment of both Band and Chorus.

The personnel of the Band will remain as it was last season. The Crystal Palace Choir will be raised to the number of 300 Voices, with the view of extending the repertoire to Choral Works of more importance than have hitherto been attempted. In the performance of these it is hoped that the same standard of refinement will be reached which characterizes the performance of the great Instrumental Works at these Concerts.

The Instrumental masterpieces of Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Schubert, Schumann, etc., will again form the foundation of the programmes. At the same time, every effort will be made to continue the production or revival of new or little-known works by these and other masters of eminence. Amongst those which it is intended to bring forward may be named:—

1. A new Grand Symphony in D, by Mendelssohn. This work, which is written for full orchestra, and on the usual scale of such works, was composed for the Festival of the Reformation at Berlin in 1839, and was withdrawn by its author after the first performance, and has never since been played. Under the name of the "Reformation Symphony," its reputation is well known to musicians, both professional and amateur, by whom the greatest anxiety has always been felt to make its acquaintance. It will be produced at these Concerts for the first time in England, a boon for which the Directors are indebted to the kindness of the representatives of the illustrious master. Its retention was probably due to the extreme fastidiousness of its author, who never would allow his works to become the property of the public till he was entirely satisfied with them himself; and who is known to have kept back the publication of the "Italian Symphony" for the same reason.

2. An Opera, "Die Verschworenen," for solo voices, chorus, and orchestra, by Franz Schubert, recently published from those MS. treasures which have already yielded the Symphony in B minor and the Rosamunde music to these Concerts.

3. Ode for St. Cecilia's Day, by Handel.

In addition to the above the following works will be performed:—

Beethoven's Choral Symphony.
Paradise and the Peri, by Schumann (abridged).
The incidental Music to Rosamunde, by Schubert, embracing, besides the Entr'actes, Ballet-Music, and Romance, three Choruses not hitherto performed.
The Music to "A Midsummer Night's Dream," by Mendelssohn.
The Symphony in C major, and the unfinished Symphony in B minor, Schubert.
The Music in Egmont, by Beethoven.

The most eminent Solo performers available, both vocal and instrumental, will be engaged, and no pains spared to render the programmes interesting, and to maintain the high character which the Crystal Palace Concerts have hitherto enjoyed.

THE LONDON ACADEMY OF MUSIC (established 1861), St. George's Hall, Langham Place, Regent Street, opposite the Langham Hotel.

PRINCIPAL—PROFESSOR WYLDE, Mus. Doc.

Harmony and Composition—Dr. Wyld.
Pianoforte—Dr. Wyld, Herr Hensler, and Mr. J. F. Barnett.
Italian Singing—Signori Garcia, Lablache, Gildardi, and Schira.
Harp—MM. Oberthur, and T. H. Wright; Sight Reading, Herr Ganz.
Organ—Mr. George Cooper and Mr. W. Beavan.
Harmonium—M. Lemmens.
Concertina—Signor Regondi.
Violin—Herr Jans and Herr Strauss.
Violoncello—M. Pague.
Italian—Sig. Papoli.
French—M. Cotte.
Department—M. Petit.
Elocution and Acting—Mrs. Stirling.

The NEXT TERM will COMMENCE on MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 30. The Academy is for Amateurs as well as for Professional Students, Ladies and Gentlemen. Fee, £5 5s. per term, includes instruction in three branches of study. Three terms in the year. Students residing at a distance can receive all their lessons on one day. The Examination Days for the Admission of New Students are Monday, September 23, and Tuesday, September 24, between the hours of 11 and 4. The fee for Mrs. Stirling's Class and the Language and Department Classes is £1 1s. per term. Prospectuses at the Hall.

JOHN BLAGROVE, Sec.

SIGNOR and MADAME FERRARI beg to inform their Friends and Pupils that they have returned to Town for the Season, 22, Gloucester Terrace, Hyde Park.

MR. JAMES GASKIN'S VOCAL ACADEMY, DUBLIN.

THE AUTUMN SEASON having commenced, the following VOCAL WORKS will be rehearsed by the Pupils of the Upper Class:—

DUET, "WHEN THE WIND BLOWS IN FROM THE SEA".....	H. SMART.
SONG, "NO ROSE WITHOUT A THORN".....	W. GUERNSEY.
BALLAD, "THE HOME OF EARLY LOVE".....	VINCENT WALLACE.
CAVATINA, "MID THE ROSE LEAVES OF LOVE".....	W. GUERNSEY.
IRISH BALLAD, "OH COME TO GLENGARIFF".....	A. GREVILLE.
NEW SONG, "THE SPRING".....	W. GUERNSEY.

EXCELLENT WINES at 18s. 6d. PER DOZEN.

MR. VAN PRAAG begs to inform his Friends and Customers that he is now enabled to forward them excellent Wines DU MEDOC, Vintage of 1862, either in Casks or Half-Casks, direct from Bordeaux, which will cost the purchaser 18s. 6d. per dozen for CASH. Mr. V. P. still adheres to his old price, notwithstanding the failure of the crops again this year. Mr. V. P. invites his friends to taste his Wines, and references can be given to those gentlemen who have already favoured him with their orders. In order to facilitate the purchase of Casks or Half-Casks, Mr. V. PRAAG undertakes to bottle the Wines and deliver them Free of Expense, the purchaser to return the Empty Bottles. Applications to be made at his Office, 244, Regent Street, Second Floor.

VAN PRAAG'S GENERAL AGENCY OFFICE.

MADAME BURRINGTON

(Contralto)

IS at liberty to accept ENGAGEMENTS for ORATORIO, OPERA, and CONCERTS, during the forthcoming Season.

ADDRESS: Care of DUNCAN DAVISON & CO., FOREIGN MUSIC WAREHOUSE, 244, REGENT STREET, W.

MR. CHARLES STANTON (Tenor)

IS OPEN TO

ENGAGEMENTS FOR ORATORIOS AND CONCERTS.

ADDRESS:

MESSRS. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, REGENT STREET, W.

BRIGHTON CONCERT AGENTS,

PIANOFORTE AND MUSICSELLERS,

LYON & HALL,

WARWICK MANSION.

MISS ELLICE JEWELL and Miss ANNA JEWELL

beg to announce to their Friends and Pupils that they have returned to London for the season. Letters to be addressed to 2, Wigmore Street, Cavendish Square, or care of LAMBORN COCK, ADDISON, & Co., 63, New Bond Street.

MISS BERRY GREENING will sing the Variations on "CHERRY RIPE" (composed expressly for her), at Oxford, September 27th; Birstall, 30th; Gomersall, October 1st; Leeds, 2nd; and Settle, 3rd.

MISS LUCY FRANKLEIN begs to announce her REMOVAL to 10, BULSTOCK STREET, MANCHESTER SQUARE, W. She is at liberty for Engagements and Pupils in the coming Season, except during her few weeks' tour with Madame LEMMENS-SHERRINGTON.

MISS ROSE HERSEE will sing BENEDICT's popular Variations on "THE CARNIVAL OF VENICE," and her own admired song, "A DAY TOO LATE," during her engagements at the Hall-by-the-Sea, Margate, Sept. 16th to 25th; and at Mr. Rea's Promenade Concerts, Newcastle-on-Tyne, Oct. 25th to Nov. 2nd.

MADAME LOUISA VAN NOORDEN is now making her engagements (as Principal Soprano in Oratorios and Concerts) for the Autumn and Winter season in the Provinces, including Scotland and Ireland. All communications addressed to her at Messrs. METZLER'S, 37, Great Marlborough Street, W., will receive immediate attention.

In the Press,
"WAKE, MARY, WAKE,"
 SONG FOR A BARITONE VOICE.

The Poetry by JOHN LATEY.

The Music by HENRY SMART.

Price 3s.

London: DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

Just Published,

THREE DUETS FOR SOPRANO AND MEZZO-SOPRANO.

No. 1. THE INVITATION ("Oh come thou hither").

2. THE QUAIL ("Whence come those sounds along the gale?")

3. THE SISTERS ("Come, haste, my sister dear").

Composed by F. HAGEMAN.

Price 3s. each.

"In making ourselves acquainted with the vocal duets of F. Hageman, we have also become acquainted with himself, his name being previously unknown to us. These duets are three in number; their titles are—'The Invitation,' 'The Quail,' and 'The Sisters.' They are in a pure Italian style—simple, easy, and perfectly suited to the voices for which they are intended. Two sisters belonging to a musical family, having (as is often the case) a soprano and a contralto voice, will find the practice of these duets useful and pleasing, both to themselves and their friends."—*Globe*.

London: DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

Published This Day,
"THE MOSS ROSE."
 SONG.

Words from the German,

Music by E. BUNNETT, Mus. Bsc., Cantab.

Price 3s.

London: DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

Published This Day,
SCHOTTISCHE AND GALOP D'AMITIE,
 FOR THE PIANOFORTE.

Composed by PAUL SEMLER.

Price 2s. 6d. each.

London: DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

Just Published
"FAIRY FOOTSTEPS,"
 CAPRICE FOR THE PIANOFORTE.
 By FREDERICK BOWEN JEWSON.

Price 4s.

London: DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

In the Press,
 The complete Vocal Score of J. OFFENBACH's most popular Operetta of
"LISCHEN AND FRITZCHEN,"
 FOR TWO SINGERS.

The English Version written and adapted for Public or Private Performance
 By WELLINGTON GUERNSEY.

This celebrated "Conversation Alsatian" has been performed by Miss Robertine Henderson and Mr. Whiffin before the Prince of Wales (by special desire), and nightly at the French Plays, St. James's Theatre, during the season. It has been acknowledged as a *chef d'œuvre* of M. Offenbach at every lyrical theatre in Europe. The Overture and Vocal Pieces, with English version attached, will be published separately. The Libretto can also be had, with every direction for performing this charming piece either in the drawing-room or on the stage. The Orchestra Partisan can be had of the Publishers. (Copyright.)

London: DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

"I'M AN ALSATIAN"
 ("Je suis Alsacienne"),

The celebrated Duet from OFFENBACH's Conversation Alsacienne,

"LISCHEN ET FRITZCHEN,"

As sung by Madame Trebelli and Jules Lefort at the State Concert, Buckingham Palace, and by Miss Robertine Henderson and Mr. Whiffin before His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales.

Price 4s.

London: DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

SAVILLE STONE'S
 TRANSCRIPTIONS FOR THE PIANOFORTE.

"THE LADY OF THE LEA"	2. d.
"LOGIE O'BUCHAN"	3 0
"THERE'S NAE LUCK ABOUT THE HOUSE"	4 0
"THERE'S NAE LUCK ABOUT THE HOUSE"	4 0

London: DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

"A VOLUNTEER GREETING."

Sung for the First Time at the
 AGRICULTURAL HALL,
 IN HONOUR OF

THE VISIT OF THE BELGIAN VOLUNTEERS.

The Words by H. B. FARNIE.

The Music by JULES BENEDICT.

Price 3s.

London: DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street.

Separate Vocal Parts, 6d. each.

"HAIL BELGIUM!"
 ("La Brabangonne.")

Sung for the first time at the Agricultural Hall, in honour of
 THE VISIT OF THE BELGIAN VOLUNTEERS.
 The Music Harmonized by FREDERICK KINGSBURY.
 The English Words by WELLINGTON GUERNSEY.

Price 3s.

London: DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

Just Published.

SUNG BY MISS LOUISA PYNE.

"MITHER, BLAME ME NOT FOR LOVING,"

BALLAD.

Composed by T. RIDLEY PRENTICE.

Price 3s.

London: DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

Just Published.

"QUEEN OF FRESH FLOWERS,"

A MAY SONG.

Composed by T. RIDLEY PRENTICE.

Price 3s.

London: DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

SUNG BY MISS BANKS.

"I'M NOT IN LOVE, REMEMBER,"

SONG.

Words by JESSICA RANKIN.

Music by M. W. BALFE.

Price 3s.

London: DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

Balfé's song was recently given with charming effect by Miss Banks, at Canterbury, and by the same admired vocalist at Dr. Austen Pearce's Concert.

MR. BENEDICT'S NEW SONG.

Just Published,

"THE PARTING."
 ("La Partenza.")

WITH ENGLISH AND ITALIAN WORDS.

Composed by JULES BENEDICT.

Price 3s.

London: DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

In the Press,
"THE LITTLE MESSENGER,"
 SONG.

The Words by J. LAY.

Sung with distinguished success by Mdlle. LINDBART.

The Music by HERMANN EISOLDT.

Price 3s.

London: DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

BACH'S FUGUE, "ALLA TARANTELLA,"

Played with distinguished success by

MADAME ARABELLA GODDARD;

ALSO BY

MR. CHARLES HALLE,

At his RECITALS OF PIANOFORTE MUSIC.

Price 5s.

London: DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

Just Published,

MARITA. A Ballad. By the New Composer, ROSALINE.
 Sung by Miss S. Pyne, and Miss Lucy Egerton (of the Bayswater Academy of Music). Price 3s.

London: DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

MUSICAL TRAVELLING-IMPRESSIONS FROM THE EAST.

By FERY KLETZER.*

(Continued from page 611.)

My first concert was given in the theatre, which is a well-built house, and the best place for a concert in Java. The amateurs of the orchestra, as well as those of the Vocal Association, lent their aid with the most amiable readiness. Their whole behaviour afforded evidence of their kindly feeling and of their entertaining the greatest respect for me. A continuance of rainy weather caused my first two concerts to be sparsely attended, and to produce so little that I had scarcely sufficient to pay my bill at the hotel, but then I was charged a florin for a cup of broth. I gave Herr Dietz two hundred florins for his trouble. He took them on condition that I should not pay him anything for the following concerts; nevertheless, he made up his mind to accept in addition a very handsome ring, and we remained good friends.

A certain Herr Müller, to whom I was recommended, proposed that I should live at his house, but made my art the means of recompensing himself very liberally for this act of friendship. He gave a party. I had to play the whole evening. As he had invited half the town who heard me for nothing, he seriously injured the success of my next concert. A young merchant, Herr Kratzenstein, is very musical and accompanies unusually well. The two brothers Michelson also, were very friendly towards me, and exhibited great musical capabilities. Music is, however, maltreated by various pianoforte players, who charge a high price for lessons, though they are not able to satisfy the slightest demands that may be made upon them. In order to make up, in some degree, for the loss I had sustained, a few gentlemen, at the suggestion of Herr Müller, and Herr Matison, a lawyer, sent round a list, which eventually contained subscriptions amounting to the not inconsiderable sum of 1,900 florins. But, in the opinion of the above gentlemen, this sum was too large, and I was, consequently, called upon to give a concert in the room at the Club, which was especially decorated for the occasion. I had to agree, also, that, after the concert, a band should play dance music, while ice and tea should be provided for the ladies, and brandy, liqueurs, etc., for the gentlemen, all out of the 1,900 florins, of course. I was assured that the expenses would amount at the very most to 300 florins, and I gladly accepted the suggestion. As everybody who received an invitation had the right of bringing with him as many persons as he chose, the reader may easily conceive that on this occasion I had really a very numerous audience. The concert, which included some extremely pleasing compositions, and was enhanced by the masterly pianoforte playing of Herr Kratzenstein, possessed, however, no great attraction for those present. They looked forward with impatience to the end, and when I made the last stroke with my bow, the dancers began to manifest their delight, so that my two solos passed almost totally unheeded, and, at the conclusion of the concert, I had some trouble in rescuing my violoncello and music, and escaping with them. Some of the company were, however, kind enough to invite me to stay, and I had the pleasure of seeing that, in addition to being exceedingly unconstrained in their behaviour and free in their style of dancing, the guests ate and drank remarkably well. The next day I was informed that the expenses of the evening's entertainment amounted to about 1,100 florins, and as none of the persons invited would pay anything, the sum was subtracted from the 1,900 florins subscribed for me. It was thus that the inhabitants of Sourabaya proved their love for art and their generosity.†

The Club as well as the stewards were highly embarrassed as to what they should do with me. When the 1,900 florins were subscribed, the sum was considered sufficient to make up for any losses I might have sustained, as well as to satisfy the spirit of display characterizing those who managed the business. The latter, consequently, did not send the list all round the place. Many

persons, fancying themselves neglected, felt affronted, but it was too late to repair the error. Müller, in whose house I resided, and who entertained a partiality for me only as long as he could derive advantage from my art, had now heard my entire repertory, and had also invited everyone else to the acoustic treat. He felt, therefore, that he did not want me any more, and hinted so in the most unmistakable manner. He knew how I had rewarded Herr Dietz for his trouble; nevertheless, that amiable individual demanded, in addition to what he had received, 100 florins for accompanying a few pieces, and asserted that all he had had from me was a ring. I wrote him, through Müller, a letter, wherein I pointed out the mistake he made. But Müller brought back the letter with the remark that I must, under any circumstances, pay Dietz the 100 florins he asked, as the Club could not incur the hostility of a man like him. They would rather give me four hundred florins, only I must acknowledge the receipt of that sum. So, instead of the eleven hundred florins I expected, I received—four hundred.

Among other things my hospitable host told me a story of a visitor who had lived with him, and who had behaved in a very dirty manner towards his servants. There was nothing left for me to do, therefore, than, previously to my departure, to hand the daughter of the house a gold chain with a medallion; this act of attention was graciously received, and many were the wishes for my welfare when I left.

General Schierbrand, a most amiable man, and certainly the most accomplished one in the whole island, had given me several letters of recommendation for all the various towns. Among them was one for Panarocan, a manufacturing town near Sourabaya. I sent this letter, with a very polite note to the Resident there. As, however, that grand personage did not consider it worth while to reply, I did not think it worth while to go to the place, and returned to Samarang, whence I had received some invitations, and was certain of being able to get up a well attended concert.

I will now give a few additional particulars respecting Sourabaya. The town is an important commercial emporium, and is visited by ships from all quarters of the globe, for coffee, tobacco, sugar, and spice. The merchants, who have colossal warehouses, are very rich, and, therefore, fail only in a grand way. The town is larger than Samarang. It is surrounded by large Campos, in which Chinese and Japanese live. The town itself is surrounded by walls, which are encircled with ditches of stagnant and fetid water, and do not permit the inhabitants to enjoy much fresh air. The whole town is crowded together. The Theatre alone stands in a fine square, and is one of the finest buildings. The interior is magnificent. The "Harmonie" is frequented only by officers; and as the civilians are not on good terms with them, the place is almost always empty. The European quarter consists of two parts, with fine streets, houses, and gardens. H. B., formerly a soldier, has a fine iron foundry, and has opened a public garden, where the ladies display very beautiful and elegant toilets. The vegetation is magnificent and rich, but the environs are very marshy and unhealthy. The amusement of the gentlemen consists wholly and solely in playing cards. The grand people, the merchants, the officers, the officials, and even ladies in fine toilets, have here, as well as in Samarang and Batavia, the habit of standing or sitting in their carriages, and listening to a performance or a concert from the street or square which surrounds the edifice where it is going on; they enjoy the advantage of choosing their places and paying nothing for them. This audience is frequently more attentive and quiet than that inside. The heat here in winter is 28—30 degrees Reaumur. This is probably the reason that I began to gain strength after my illness, from which I had hardly recovered. I resolved, nevertheless, to leave, as I was already too well acquainted with the society of the place. I took great interest in contemplating the Chinese temples and graves. The former are not so striking as the latter. The entrance to these graves forms a hillock encircled by a wall, round which there is a passage. The door is ornamented with painted characters, while the whole building is covered with allegorical figures. When the Chinese are in mourning for any one, they allow all the hair of their head to grow. The clothes, too, which they wear are not hemmed, but hang down all in tatters, and give them a very slovenly appearance.

The Malay or native of Java always remains the same in his state of semi-nulity, only he gets up festivals when a member of

* From the Berlin *Echo*.

† In Java, it is usual for the waiter to give the guest a kind of voucher, containing a list of the articles supplied, and the guest signs it. When, therefore, the gentlemen, after ordering champagne, Bavarian beer,—which costs two florins a bottle—and other wines, were asked to sign the voucher, they simply said: "We have nothing to do with that. We are invited."

his family dies. It is, moreover, his habit to lay his dead naked in the ground. The Chinese does not live much better than the Malay, except that he smokes tobacco or opium, for which he pays a very high price, because the duty on it is no trifle. Opium is an important article of trade, and soon renders the vendor a millionaire.* The Chinaman lives in a properly built and well-furnished house. The best part is generally used as a shop, which is close to the private portion. The rooms are as a rule so dark, that, even in the daytime, it is necessary to burn a small oil-lamp. In the shop there is usually a picture of a sort of saint, before which a lamp is kept continually burning. The Chinese are laborious and speculative; they mostly make large fortunes. The Malay lives in wretched huts, built often in the midst of marshes, or in tents. He supports his poverty with greater resignation than he otherwise would, because his belief holds out to him the prospect of a future and a better world. For this reason, he never fears death. The rich Malays, or natives of Java, spend a great deal of money in festivities and luxury, and attach great value to their genealogical tree, which they trace far back into antiquity. The pride of birth is greater than in European countries. The richest Malays now residing here were formerly reigning princes, such as the Emperor of Solo, the Sultan of Djacarta, and a few others, who derive their title and rank from Holland, and surround themselves with all the luxury and pomp befitting their exalted position. Their immeasurable riches consist of gold-dust or precious stones. In order that they may be friendly and bear with the Europeans, the Government allows them large pensions. Thus, in course of time, the whole of their country will become European. Every one of these titular sovereigns is strictly watched, and the Government never allows them to come together. The character of the Malay is totally different from that of the Chinese. The latter is a thorough miser, and his house constitutes his world. He prays to the Bad Spirit and begs him not to suggest anything bad to the Good Spirit; but he does not consider it necessary to pray to the latter, considering him already sufficiently kind. These two spirits figure in the temples of the Chinese as the two principal divinities; the rest are subordinate deities. The prayers of the Chinese are contained in books, and are read out to them. The Malay, also, prays aloud, but rarely from books. The Chinese, in fact, are far better educated than the others. Their trade-relations with foreigners have taught them a great deal. They have their own Theatre, but the music is very wretched; the instruments are a kind of violin, with a shrill tone; something that looks like a trumpet; three drums; and cymbals that they strike against each other. The stage-costumes are exceedingly tasty and rich.

(To be continued).

ST. PETERSBURGH.—Herr Anton Rubinstein has resigned his post as director of the Conservatory, and also as conductor of the Musical Society of Russia. He will leave this capital about the middle of the present month to commence a grand professional tour through Germany, France, Belgium, and Holland. He will first visit Leipzig.

ODESSA.—A new opera, *Pietro Calabre*, by a young composer, Conrad Jurjewitz, has been successfully produced.

OPERATIC NOVELTIES.—The following are the titles of the new operas which will, probably, be produced in Italy during the approaching autumn and winter. At Milan—*Giovanni di Napoli*, Petrella; *Puifaphar*, Cagnoni; *L'Isola dei Giardini* (buffa) Dell'Argine; *La Tombola* (buffa), Cagnoni; *Un Corpo d'Etat* (buffa), Lauro Rossi. Naples—*Gli Acenturati*, Braga; *Il Figliuol prodigo*, Savino; *Didone Abandonata*, Benvenuti; *L'Esposizione universale* (buffa), Filippi; *Mefistofele* (grand fairy opera), Boita. Whether any of these works will ever be performed in any other place than that in which they will be produced may, judging from what Italian operatic composers have written of late years, fairly be doubted.

SCHWEIN.—Herr Kücken has just received the Knight's Cross of the Franz-Joseph Order from the Emperor of Austria.

HANNOVER.—On the 29th August, *Die Zauberflöte* was performed here for the hundredth time.

* The consumption of opium is so great in Java that most of the smokers go mad or wild. In every town policemen are, therefore, stationed at the corners of the streets. In their rooms they have the proper instruments for managing any such madman they may find running about, for these victims to opium are frequently so dangerous that they kill every one they meet. With their knife or "kries"—which latter is a large fork, or seissors with teeth—the policemen seize hold of such maniacs by the neck, and squeeze them till they are insensible.

YR EISTEDDFOD.

CARMARTHEN, Sept. 7.

Before saying anything of Thursday's doings I must return for a moment to one feature in those of Wednesday. Mr. Edmund Yates, in the capacity of judge over certain poems sent in to compete for a prize offered by Mr. Banting, addressed a letter to the Eisteddfod Council from which the following is an extract:—

"As working editor of a London magazine for the last seven years I have necessarily had to undergo the infliction of much bad verse, but I can conscientiously say that in the whole of my experience I have never seen worse than that which has been submitted to me in my character of judge for Mr. Banting's prize. It is useless, and it would be invidious, to particularize cases. Some of the contributors seem ignorant of the meaning of metre, others scorn the claims of rhyme, but nearly all of them seem to think that a great display of patriotism amply atones for other deficiencies; and as 'Wales' unfortunately rhymes with 'dales' and 'vales,' we are deluged with a vast amount of national fervour, thrown in without the least regard to the context, and with very little reverence for sense or grammar. The worst feature in the whole display is that there does not appear to be anything fresh, or beyond the mere parrot-cry just mentioned—national. The verses are for the most part feeble imitations of the worst style of weak rhyme found in the worst style of English cheap periodicals."

Imagine the consternation of Druids, Bards, and Ovates at hearing this. Why the guests of Timon of Athens could not have been more astounded when he hurled at them a volley of empty dishes instead of regaling them with choicest viands. These good Welsh people have so long played at the game of poetry, and have assured each other with such earnestness of their mutual superiority, that they have come to believe in it and to require "cracking up." At last they have met with a "let down" instead, and mighty is the indignation among the ninety-two competitors and their sympathizing fellow Celts. Some of them met in the coffee-room of the "Ivy Bush" the other evening, and so warned each other up by dwelling on their wrongs as to become positively entertaining. "Who is Mr. Edmund Yates?" they asked sarcastically. "What does he know of Welsh poetry, or any poetry at all?" they demanded indignantly. "He's a pretty fellow to insult a whole nation" they exclaimed passionately. From this it was easy to make a general onslaught upon the Saxon element at the Eisteddfod, and they made it. Said one eloquent Welshman, all his Welsh blood boiling within him: "What do we want with London artists, and foreign music down here? Have we not got music of our own better than any other people can boast? have we not got Welsh composers, and Welsh singers as good as can be found anywhere? Why, then, do we have the English?" He paused for a reply, and echo—in the shape of a dozen Welsh voices—answered, "Why, then?" All over Wales I suspect, that letter of Mr. Yates has called forth similar words of wrath. It is to be hoped the editor of *Tinsley* will not select Cambria for a touring ground. If he does, the bards will scarcely treat him as a friend who tells painful but salutary truths.

Thursday's proceedings opened with the usual noisy escorting of the President from the Town Hall to the Pavilion, which was thronged more than ever, thanks to a fine morning and the attractions of "chair" day. Be it known to the uninformed upon such matters, that one of the prizes for poetic merit given at the Eisteddfod is a chair (made of oak after an antique pattern) the possession of which entitles the holder for one year to pre-eminence over all his fellow bards. Naturally the contest for it is looked upon with keen interest, and the adjudication of the prize gives a special importance to the sitting during which it takes place. The decision for the present year was announced yesterday morning, and hence the numerous attendance. When the fanfare of trumpets and the inevitable national song were got through, the President (Rev. John Griffiths, rector of Neath) delivered his address. Among other things, he declared that he spent part of the previous evening in trying to find out why he had been selected for the office, without arriving at any more satisfactory result than that it must have been because he was a Welshman. He then eased his mind by giving the *Times* a bit of it for attacking the Eisteddfod of last year, and next

enayed a sketch of the history of the national gathering. Specially did he dwell, in course of this, upon the Eisteddfod held at Carmarthen in the sixteenth century, when Griffith ap Nicolas and the bards under him spent nine days in amending the twenty-four Welsh metres. "I only know" said the rev. speaker, "one or two men who have caught the inspiration of the good old men who lived at the time and assisted in establishing those metres." In proof of this he went on to state how yesterday "those metres" were again altered and arranged, but this time in an hour or two instead of nine days. He then told how a "good old man," Jelo Morganwg by name, took the ribbon from his arm and made a Druid of Bishop Burgess, who presided at the Carmarthen Eisteddfod of 1819. Mr. Griffiths would like to see other Bishops incur a similar risk of being heathenized. He asked why more of the aristocracy were not among them, and had no patience with "modern Dundrearys," who find fault with, or are ashamed of the land of their fathers. Finally, and as a conclusive proof that the Eisteddfodau are worth supporting, the rev. gentleman asked—"What has the Eisteddfod done?" Answering—"It has brought out and developed the genius of such men as Brinley Richards, as John Thomas (Pencerrd Gwalia) sons of old Gwalia, who are not ashamed to own the land of their birth. Again, who was it that took such a prominent position at the Hereford Musical Festival, so much so that even the Swedish Nightingale took but a secondary place? It was Miss Edith Wynne (Eos Cymri), who, it was stated, would become one of the first sopranos of which the country could boast. And Miss Edith Wynne was the child of the Eisteddfod—the Eisteddfod dangled her upon its knee, nurtured her and sent her forth to the world, a credit to itself and an honour to her whose musical genius it fostered and developed." Bravo, Mr. Griffiths, and, in the face of such proofs of utility who would not say "Long live the Eisteddfod, that its usefulness may continue and improve." Of course such a thoroughgoing speech inspired the bards, and one after another—Alltud Eifion, Joan Morganwg, Dafydd Dhu o'r De, and Caeronyw—rose to pour forth their "strains profuse of unpremeditated art." Happily they spoke in Welsh.

The adjudication of prizes then went on, varied as usual by occasional music. Ten guineas and a silver medal were awarded to Mr. J. C. Fowler, stipendiary magistrate of Merthyr, for the best essay on the Administration of Justice in 1800 and 1867. The Rev. W. Henry, Penygroes, and Mr. G. Jones, Aberayron, divided fifteen guineas for their essays on the Eminent Men of Carmarthenshire. Mr. John Thomas, C.E., of London, took ten guineas and a silver medal for a dissertation on the Carboniferous Rocks of Wales; and the Rev. W. Williams received £20 and a gold medal for writing what the "Roaring Lion" called "burning poetry" upon Owen Glendower. There was also a choral competition, in which two sets of singers shared, that from Merthyr being declared by Judge Leslie to be the best. But, of course, all these and other awards of the day were as nothing to that which came last, when the umpire (Ceirog), who was called in to decide for the disagreeing judges, announced that the Rev. Richard Parry (Gwalchmai), of Llandudno, was thought worthy to sit in the "chair of Dyfed" for the ensuing year. Mr. Parry was not present, but his proxy was installed with due ceremony, the spectators giving three cheers in honour of the victor. With this the sitting ended.

The brightness of the morning proved to be but of short duration, and once more the evening concert-goers had to brave an ordeal of mud and water, which would have kept at home any but Welsh people going to an Eisteddfod. Nevertheless there was again a large attendance and a display of enthusiasm which no amount of dripping from a leaky roof could damp. The same artists—that is to say Eos Cymri (Edith Wynne), Miss Edmunds (not yet made a bardess), Madame Patey-Whytock, Mr. Cummings, Mr. Lazarus, Mr. Brinley Richards, Pencerrd Gwalia (John Thomas), and Pencerrd Gwilym (Lewis Thomas) took part in the proceedings, all being warmly received by the majority, and some of them as decidedly insulted by the minority of those they sought to please. The insult was given in this wise. The many friends of Llew Llyfo, incensed at not seeing that "roaring lion's" name in the programme, relieved their feelings by making a noise between each piece which would have put even their idol to shame. Before a singer could retire from the platform the jackals in the back seats began lifting their

sweet voices, and shouts of "Llew, Llew," rang through the building till after the next artist appeared. In vain did the rest of the audience try to hush down the interruption, and in vain did Mr. Brinley Richards beg the Chairman to interpose his authority. So the row went on all the evening till what was nominally a national gathering for the pursuit of art became little better than a bear garden devoted to congenial howlings. The whole thing was disgraceful; and the Council will do well so to chain up the "lion" for the future that the uselessness of calling for him will be apparent even to the gentry who delight in his choice effusions. It can be hardly worth while for me to specify the various pieces forming the programme of the evening, neither is it at all necessary to state how they were rendered. The names of the just-mentioned artists are a sufficient guarantee for excellence.

All through yesterday (the closing day of the Eisteddfod) rain descended in torrents, and Carmarthen put on a forlorn appearance which its damp decorations only seemed to mock. The field where the Pavilion stands has been a quagmire all the week, but it now became a Slough of Despond, demanding for its passage a bravery verging on recklessness. How the President's procession struggled through I know not, for I was prudently early on the scene of action. Anyhow they did it, at the cost of most muddy extremities. Matters were little better inside, for the seats had to be covered with straw, and their occupants with umbrellas, as the rain fell with a steady drip through the leaky roof. Under such circumstances did the trumpeters once again perform their duties, and the President, Mr. H. L. Paxley of Cork (who described himself as an Irish Celt), stood forward to make his speech. But I should have said that previously a strange ceremony took place around the centre stone of the Druidical circle outside. My attention was directed to it by a gentleman who inquired, with serious face, if they were burying some one there. Instead of this it turned out that the bards were holding a Gorsedd, and making additions to their order after ancient fashion. Bareheaded they stood gravely discoursing unintelligible words, under the direction of a venerable man, who was mounted on the stone itself. I have gathered since that the venerable man was Cynddelu, and that, among other things done, J. H. Jones was made an ovate by the title of Myrddinnfat, J. C. Manning a bard, henceforth to be known as Carl Morganwg, and R. J. Jones a Druid, under the designation Alltud Eifion. I heartily congratulate these gentlemen upon the distinction to which they have attained, and trust Carl Morganwg will be able to convince Mr. Edmund Yates that real bards are not quite extinct in Wales. Let me say here that Miss Annie Edmunds was also solemnly enrolled in the poetic ranks, but not quite so publicly. Henceforth that charming young singer will be known in her native country as "The Lark of Wales." I beg to felicitate her Larkship on the event. In the Pavilion, after the Chairman's speech, which was interesting and ably delivered, the business of adjudication went on with spirit. The essays I shall pass over, and only mention those musical competitions which enlivened the proceedings. In the first of these all the candidates had to sing "Thou shalt break them," from the *Messiah*, and some of them did it after a fashion perfectly original. No. 1 was confused about the value of his rests, and soon came to grief; No. 2 did much better; No. 3 sang very well; Nos. 4 and 5 were indifferent; but the remaining two were quite unique in their comicality. No. 6, for example, insisted on singing without accompaniment, though warned by Mr. Cummings, one of the judges, that by so doing he would lose the prize. "I'll try," said No. 6, and try he did accordingly, with a result only a little less funny than in the case of No. 7, whose small mouse-like voice feebly quavering out the air sent everybody into a fit of laughter, in which the singer himself eventually joined. Of course No. 3 carried off the prize. Another musical business was deciding upon the fortunate winner of a £50 vocal scholarship. For this four picked candidates appeared, and each sang a song of his own selection. All did indifferently, but the prize was awarded to the least bad—a Mr. Richard C. Williams of Carnarvon. These contests, and the usual incidental music somewhat relieved the tedium of the five hours during which this morning session lasted.

The concert in the evening was an extraordinary affair, not so much because of the cries for "Llew," which now and then broke out, as for the noise of the rain that rendered the music nearly inaudible, and the

aspect of the place, which was that of a forest of umbrellas. The roof seemed to be more porous than ever, so that even the platform was flooded, and the singers had to thank standers-by for the shelter of a friendly gingham. Nevertheless there was no lack of noisy enthusiasm, and encores were the order of the night. Everybody had to repeat everything, and at the end everybody received three cheers in return. Amid these demonstrations of good will, in which even the "Roaring Lion" was forgotten, the Eisteddfod of 1867 was brought to a close, and the audience plunging through the Slough of Despond outside sought their homes possibly satisfied but certainly wet and weary.

I cannot close this notice without acknowledging the kindness and hospitality of the good people of Carmarthen. To Mr. Lloyd Jones of the *Carmarthen Journal* in particular my thanks are due, as well for valuable assistance rendered as for those attentions which are peculiarly acceptable to a stranger in a strange place.

THADDEUS EGG.

THE EISTEDDFOD.

(From "The Tomahawk.")

There is not such a country in the world as Wales, "*Llyd ghyllw cwmnawel*," says I, with all my heart *cwmnawel*!

You don't know what pleasure is till you have been to an Eisteddfod. First, there's the music. Of all the delicious harmonies I know, give me the harp played with three toes. This prize was awarded to David ap Morgaunwyzwyllw, and well did he deserve it. Such pedal playing never was heard before. Then there was the ode to Cwmyuri. Oh! what poetry! This prize was gained by Ffyldeaghill ap Wllwylun. Talk of Tennyson! You never heard such flowing measures. I shall certainly learn Welsh.

The next prize which I saw given was the five-shilling teapot, for the best recitation from the Welsh historians. I was fain to confess, with all my Saxon prejudices, that Polybius and Macaulay had at last found a rival. Such history! Llwyll nyddh Gwyllywn carried off the teapot, and long may he live to enjoy it.

Time would not suffice for me to describe the infinite variety of intellectual sweets which were spread before my enraptured gaze. I feel, from this moment a Celt. I feel convinced that Wales has a glorious future before it, and that the vowels are already tottering on their throne, and that nothing but Welsh will soon be spoken throughout the whole of the civilized world. The bards will rise from their tombs and strike the songs of Love and Liberty on their immortal harps.

I subjoin the beautiful poem in English on Wales, which I sent in for the prize of £20 and a silver medal. I must win it—I feel I must!

Oh Wales! thou glorious land of Wales!
Where never blow the blustering gales:
Where Boreas tames his azure might,
And owns whatever is, is right!

Hail to the land of freeborn Celts,
Where Raving Oceans never pelts;
I stand upon thy mountain brow,
And feel that I am free, I trow!

Come forth ye Bards from honoured graves,
Nor heed though Saxon envy raves;
Attune the harp upon the hill,
Of freedom give the vales their fill.

When Tyrants stalk in reckless ire,
And homesteads in their anger fire;
Here Liberty in mountain passes,
Laughs at its foes, for Saxon asses.

Then call the dastard Edward up,
And bid him on his son's corse sup,—
Ope wide the eyes of princely Wales;
See! see! the catiff conqueror quails!

Thou cradle of the Celtic race,
With joy I view thy furrowed face:
With boisterous lungs I cry All Hails!
And sing the praise of mighty Wales!

I think this must astonish the Celts. There is the true ring about it. The Prince of Wales must appoint me his own Poet Laureate.

P.S.—I have just read the disgustingly insolent letter of that Mr. Edmund Yates. I shall leave this abominable country to-morrow. I should like to know what Mr. Edmund Yates *does* call poetry. The Welsh are the most abandoned ruffians that I have ever come in contact with.

THE EISTEDDFOD.

(From "Punch.")

Sir,—I appeal to you. Why did not they give me the prize for my poem? Here it is: I call it simply

MY WALES!

Land of my birth All Hails!

My own, my lovely Wales!

The morning sun is rising

The Larks are on the wing,

Then hear me, O Ancient Country, the enterprising

Bard who now sings—

Gentle Zitella, list!

My charms thou canst not resist.

Land of Hills and Vales,

My own, my own Wales!

Upon the sea there sails

Ships which come often to Wales.

Blow, blow, ye gentle gales,
And waft me to the shores of Wales.

Strike harps! the Saxon shudders

Down in his craven heart,

For us in the land of sheep and udders,

Steering by means of rudders,

Where shrubs and flowers are budders,

Never more to part!

List to the Muse's tales,

Heroic rhymes of Wales.

Sweet Muse, empty tearful pails,

When on metheglin she regales,

Laugh while the Saxon rails,

My own, my ancient Wales.

Mermaids comb your tails!

Wardens unlock your gaols!

Victory! never fails,

My own, my beloved Wales!

Clang then the cymbals!

Dance all ye nimbles!

Discard for this day your thimbles

Maidens of sunny Wales!

Cast away your bales

Ye merchants drop your sales,

And one cheer more

Now and before

We seek the climes of Wales.

Take from me my pen

My ink and then

Leave my hands and nails

I'll write and sing of Wales.

I remain, Sir, Yours,

THE CHIEF BARD MORGAN.

Who plays on the Organ.

N.B.—If the above isn't rhyme, I don't know what is.

M.

BADEN.—This season there is even a greater abundance of artistic amusements than usual. Three times a week, a very excellent Italian operatic company gives performances. The operas have been Gounod's *Faust*, Ricci's *Crispino*, and Donizetti's *Linda*. The principal singers are Nicolini, Zucchini, Mdle. Vitali, and Mdle. Grossi.

ESSLINGEN.—There is a very excellent Oratorio Association, under the direction of Professor Fink, here. On the 29th ult., the members gave a most successful concert in the Town-Church. The programme included: Cantata, Bach; Soprano Air, and Duet from *Judas Maccabeus*, Handel; Organ Sonata, Fink; Five-part Chorus, Frank (1870-1839); "Ave, Maria," Cherubini; Motet, Fink; Bass air from *Elijah*, Mendelssohn; "Recordare" from *Requiem*, Mozart; Hymn for Mezzo-Soprano, Chorus and Orchestra, Mendelssohn.

PRAQUE.—Herr Leo Lion, whose death was announced in the papers some time ago, is here in good health. He will shortly proceed to Vienna.

STUTTGART.—According to the *Signale*, Herr Eckert, *Capellmeister* at this Court, received the other day, while in Baden-Baden, where he generally spends his annual holiday, a notice from the Royal Cabinet to the effect that he was dismissed from his post. No reason was assigned. The incident has created a great stir in the musical circles of Germany.

A SUBTLE CHOICE.—A wag thus eulogizes his musical attainments—"I know two tunes, the one is 'Auld Lang Syne,' and the other isn't—I always sing the latter."

On the 1st October, in one vol. Post 8vo, 6s. 6d.,

MUSICAL DEVELOPMENT: Being an attempt to set forth those Fundamental Principles of Human Expression from which have sprung the Chief Forms of Musical Composition, in order, if possible, to Deduce the Essential Spirit and Features of these Forms, and thus to lay down the Leading Principles which should regulate their Construction. By JOSEPH GODDARD, Author of "The Philosophy of Music."

London: THOMAS MURRY, 32, Bouverie Street, Fleet Street, E.C.
SIMPSON, MARSHALL, & Co., Stationers' Hall Court, E.C.

Histoire de Palmerin d'Olibe filz du Roy FLORENDOS de
MACDONNE et de LA BELLE GRIANE, fille de Remicius, Empereur de Constantinople, by Jean Mangin, dit le Petit Angevin. A perfect copy of this extremely rare Romance to be sold for TWENTY-NINE GUINEAS.
Enquire of DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 241, Regent Street, W.

TO ADVERTISERS.—The Office of THE MUSICAL WORLD is at MESSRS. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co's., 244 Regent Street, corner of Little Argyle Street (First Floor). Advertisements received as late as eleven o'clock A.M., on Fridays—but not later. Payment on delivery.

MARRIAGE.

On the 10th inst., at Maidstone, Lieutenant ARTHUR HARE PALMER, 17th Regiment, to EMMA EVE STEVENS, widow of the late Henry Stevens, Esq., of Denham Lodge, Bucks.

DEATH.

On the 4th inst., Mr. OSCAR BYRNE, Professor of Dancing, aged 71.

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1867.

THE origin of the Eisteddfod, or Congress of Bards, cannot be estimated with any degree of certainty. The general voice of the learned, however, places it in the time of Gruffudd ab Cynan, who was famous for encouraging poetry and music. About the year 1100, this Prince invited a number of the most accomplished musicians from Ireland to assist him in forming a code of laws for reforming the manners and correcting the art and practice of the Welsh bards, who, it appears, for a long time had indulged in the worst disorders and abuses. Prince Gruffudd was Irish by birth, and had a natural leaning towards the music of his country; but, as none of the remains of Welsh melody can be satisfactorily traced to an earlier date than his reign, and as the 24 measures of instrumental music conformable to the laws of harmony were proposed and settled in a congress at which he presided, many writers, with some show of reason, claim for Hibernia the merit of having invented the most ancient and beautiful of the tunes attributed to Cambria, and of having first introduced the art of written music in contradistinction to that of simple improvisation. A further colouring is given to this presumption by the strong resemblance in style between the oldest Welsh and Irish tunes, and by the frequent employment of the minor mode in both. The question now is impossible to decide; nor has it any direct influence in the establishment of the Eisteddfod, which was a triennial assembly of the bards, for regulating and amending the laws of poetry and music, conferring degrees on their professors, and contesting the office of chief bard, the successful candidate for which occupied the chair of the Eisteddfod until one more worthy and skilful than himself should be found to displace him. These meetings, in early times, were held at Aberffraw, the Royal seat of the Princes of North Wales, at Dinevawr, the castle of the Princes of South Wales, and at Mathralval, the residence of the Princes of Powis. Notice of the Eisteddfod was publicly announced a year and a day in advance. Twelve umpires were selected by the candidates. These umpires were skilled in the Welsh tongue, in poetry, music, and heraldry. It was their office to propose a subject for the bards to sing upon, in any of the 24 metres, satire, personal abuse, and

amatory infusions being forbidden. The bards were allowed a certain time to compose their poem, or piece of music, which they recited or executed in rotation before the umpires. The unsuccessful candidates were obliged to acknowledge their defeat in writing, and to pay homage and fees to the victor, who was installed forthwith in the chair of the Eisteddfod, as supreme head of the order. The personal attendance of the Prince at all the meetings, and the difficult conditions imposed upon the candidates, rendered the bardic honour a great distinction. Before the musical bard could rise to be doctor, the highest rank attainable, he was compelled to study three years as a novice, three as a graduate, and three as a bachelor; at the end of which period he was styled *Disgybl*, *Disgyblaid*, or Master of Music. The fourth and last degree, that of Doctor (*Perceidd Athraw*), was obtained after three years' further application. A bard thus distinguished was supposed to know 40 *cwlwm*, 4 *colwyn*, 20 *cydgerdd*, 4 *cadair*, 32 *caniadau*, and 4 *gosteg*, to understand all the laws and modifications of harmony, especially the 24 measures, and to explain them as they were written in the *Llyr Dosparth*, or book of musical divisions, to compose a *caniad* which practised bards should be unable to criticize, and to describe all its properties, divisions, and subdivisions, licences, rests, diatonic notes, flats, and sharps, and every change of movement through the various keys. The *cwlwm* was a symmetrical piece of music, with words; the *colwyn*, a fundamental subject, or theme; the *cydgerdd*, a composition in harmony, or parts; the *cadair*, a "masterly" piece of music (a somewhat vague definition); the *caniad*, a song, or tune; the *gosteg*, a prelude, or overture. Thus every doctor, to be worthy of his doctorate, was forced to exert himself in the composition of a tune, an amount of labour and ingenuity which now-a-days would render the distinction one of easy acquirement.

If the doctor was a harper he was supposed to know the three "famous" *mechwl*, and the three "new" *mechwl*, and to be able to play them in such a faultless manner that the established doctors should unanimously pronounce him competent as a performer, a composer, and a teacher. The *mechwl* appear to have been the most elaborate and perfect pieces of music. The three "famous" or ancient *mechwl* were equal to the four *colwyn* or fundamental subjects; the three new *mechwl* were equal to the four *cadair*, or "masterly" pieces. Who originally composed these pieces, or what kind of pieces they were, it is impossible to make out; the researches of the bardic historians have left them enveloped in obscurity. As there appears to have been a prescribed number of each, we may suppose them types or *formulae*, revered for their antiquity, which the bards were compelled to adopt as the basis of their own compositions, and hence we may explain why the Welsh, with all their boasted genius for music, like the Scotch and Irish, through a long succession of ages, left the art precisely where they found it. They produced a great many beautiful tunes which have outlived the names of their authors, and the dates of their composition can only be guessed at through the fog of tradition. In all probability these tunes are for the most part much more modern than it would please an antiquary to avow. Amidst a marked originality of style, the difficulty of adapting pleasing and natural basses to the majority of them is a powerful argument against those who insist that the early bards were skilled in counterpoint and harmony. All that the most assiduous explorers have been enabled to rake out of the ashes of the past fails to establish the shadow of a likelihood the other way. If the Welsh knew harmony at all, it must have been of the rudest kind. It is also confidently asserted that they were acquainted with the chromatic scale, but with due deference, we have seen no authentic specimen of their earlier music which enables us to agree with that opinion. The *Llyr Dosparth*, which contained all the acknowledged principles

of the art, in what the Welsh pretend to have been its most flourishing period, might have informed us in these matters; but unfortunately the MS. is lost.

From what we have adduced, which at first sight would appear a great deal, it may be gathered that to rise to the highest musical distinction required on the part of the aspiring bards a memory sufficiently retentive to know by heart a certain number of received *formule*, and a fancy sufficiently lively to help its possessor to the composition of one *canaid*, or tune; or, if an executant, to play these *formule* upon the harp, the only instrument highly esteemed by the bards, who consigned the pipe, the *crwth* (a small three-stringed harp), and the tabor, which they despised, to the minstrels and buffoons. In the history of bardish music we read a vast deal about keys, flats, and sharps, &c., as well as about metres and measures (the measure was regarded as a corruption of the ancient metre); but if we are to credit Giraldus Cambrensis, secretary to Henry II., who wrote a Welsh itinerary, the bards only sang in one key—B flat—or at least they always began and ended in that key. Giraldus asserted that they did not sing in unison, like the musicians of other countries, but in parts. We agree with Dr. Burney, however, in doubting not merely the veracity of Giraldus, but his capability of judging. His own account bears absurdity on the face of it. He says (according to Edward Jones, author of the *Musical and Poetical Relics of the Welsh Bards*, and an enthusiastic advocate of Welsh music), “in a company of singers, as many different parts and voices are heard as there are performers, who all at length unite, with organic melody, in one consonance, and the soft sweetness of B flat.” That there should be as many “voices” as performers depended, we presume, on the willingness and ability of the singers to make themselves audible; but that there should be as many “parts” is quite another affair. We are aware that Tallis, Bird, or Bull wrote a canon in 40 parts, as a trial of skill; but we never heard of any body of singers attempting to execute it, or any set of auditors desiring to hear it, as a trial of endurance. To write clearly in four parts requires the most profound acquaintance with the laws of counterpoint, and the highest facility in their application—while more than eight parts renders good harmony impossible, and only engenders chaos and confusion. We very much doubt whether the Welsh bards were a bit more skilled in part-writing than the Greeks, and we are quite sure that the zealous Giraldus was perfectly innocent of the matter. What he could discover “softer and sweeter” in B flat than in any other single note, moreover, we are at a loss to decide. It is a pity he did not attempt to explain his sensations more minutely.

One of the earliest and most famous Eisteddfods was that held by Rhys ab Grouffydd, Prince of South Wales, in 1177, at Cardigan, when, in a friendly contention, the poetical bards of the north, and the musical bards of the south, came out victorious. At this assembly the most extensive privileges and franchises were conferred upon the bards. Music seems to have attained its highest perfection, according to Welsh notions, in the course of the 12th century, and by means of the Eisteddfod was preserved from degeneration until the death of the last Llewelyn, and the imputed massacre of the bards by Edward I. in 1270—an event commemorated by the poet Gray in one of his most celebrated pieces. From this period until the year 1400 no record of the Eisteddfod is extant. The bards appear to have devoted themselves particularly to heraldry; every rich and powerful chieftain had his own bard to apostrophize his pedigree in metre; and hence it is to be presumed the noted facility of the Welsh in tracing their descent to the remotest antiquity. The warlike deeds of the famous Owain Glyndwr gave a momentary revival to the spirit of bardism, and some poetry dedicated to that mystic hero, whose

name has been made familiar in the mouths of men by Shakspeare, the bard of all countries, is still extant. But it was Henry VII., a Tudor, and a liberal patron of the bards, who revived the Eisteddfod, after a lengthened period of decay; and, on the 20th of July, 1523, Henry VIII. himself summoned the professors of poetry and music to an Eisteddfod held at Caerwys, in the county of Flint, “according to the old statute” (as the summons states) “of Gruffydd ab Cynan, Prince of Aberffraw.” Again, after a long interval, Queen Elizabeth appointed commissioners to assemble an Eisteddfod, at the same place, in 1568, when Symmwnt Vychan was created the chief bard. The same commissioners summoned another in 1569. At these meetings the skilful bards were reinstated in their rights, and in the inclusive practice of their calling; the “not worthy” were commanded, on pain of being “apprehended and punished as vagabonds,” to betake themselves “to some honest labour and livelihood.” How would such a statute be received in these days, when bards of every nation and every degree exhibit their competency, or incompetency, “without let or hindrance?” It is probable that one or two further Eisteddfods were held in Elizabeth’s reign, but the last Welsh harper of any celebrity, whose name we find recorded, was Twm Bach, of Glamorgan, who died in London in 1597. In the reign of George II., we read of one Powell, a Welsh harper, with whom the great composer Handel was so pleased that he wrote pieces for him, and introduced harp accompaniments, *obbligato*, in some of his oratorios, expressly to make use of his talent. Can this Powell be the same as the Powell of whom we once had occasion to speak in a history of the Festivals of the Three Choirs of Worcester, Hereford, and Gloucester? The last Royal summons for an Eisteddfod was that issued by Elizabeth, in 1569, from which period until 1798 the Congress of Bards was discontinued. In that year, however, some influential gentlemen of Wales, with considerable exertion, succeeded in reviving the time-honoured celebration; an Eisteddfod was held at Caerwys, and premiums were allotted to the most skilful competitors. Since then the institution has been maintained, with few intervals, at the chief towns of the Principality in rotation. About 36 years ago Mr. Parry, *Bard Alaw*, made the experiment at Denbigh of uniting some of the modern attractions of music with the ancient ceremony of the Eisteddfod. He was violently opposed by the exclusive Welsh party, and, of course, by the Welsh musicians, who preferred keeping the matter in their own hands. He effected his purpose, however, after some pains. Braham and Miss Stephens were among the singers, and a selection of sacred music was performed, in which those celebrated vocalists were assisted by a small orchestra and chorus. The innovation was warranted by complete success, and the only wonder is that Mr. Parry’s example has not sooner led to great results.

PARIS.

(From our original Correspondent.)

On Thursday last we had the last performance of Don Carlos at the Opera, previous to the *congé* of Mr. Faure. This gentleman, as *Posa*, and Obin as *Philip the 11th*, were both first rate in the personification of their respective character as well as in the execution of the music allotted to them. Morère, *Don Carlos*, is really an inferior artist as regard figure, acting, and singing, and I cannot understand why Verdi did not confide this important part to a better one, having two other tenors at his disposition. Madame Gueymard as *Eboli* is very far from giving to this brilliant part the due vocal and dramatic importance like Mme Fricci did at Covent garden last season. However she is a good artist and makes something of it. Shocking was the way how Mme Sass acted and sang the part of *Elisabeth*. Walking up and down the stage indifferently. Laughing and joking openly with her companions in the most dramatical moments, throwing down the part

altogether. Singing the musique without any expression at all, as if she was rehearsing it at the piano. Without any artistical dignity, and without any respect for the public, for the art, for the composer, for herself!

In Italy or in Germany, a principal artist behaving in such a way is immediately hissed, as it was the case with the Lucca last winter in Berlin, (where she is idolized by the public) because she begun to sing and act *à la Lucca*. But there is a great resemblance between the dispositions of both these *prime donne absolutes*, and that is a want of elevation and education, which comes out from time to time and makes them both incapable to appreciate the beautiful part of *Elisabeth* in *Don Carlos*; this part which in dramatical as well as in a musical and vocal point of view is undoubtedly the greatest and finest one ever created by Verdi. May the composer of *Don Carlos* meet once with a superior artist, who understanding the part of *Elisabeth* would restore it to the art and to the public as it was originally conceived. On Thursday last the *Angioletto Santo* Adelina Patti, as the witty heroine in *Don Pasquale*, was as charming as ever, and interesting as a quite new apparition. Nothing could be finer delivered by the great *Diva* as the different gradations in the grand wedding scene, beginning with the affected simplicity and timidity of a young girl coming out of a convent, rising to the most violent explosions of a bad temper, and ending with the famous *Soufflet*. The vocalization of the Patti was sparkling and surprising as usually. General applause, numerous recalls and a quantity of bouquets were bestowed from the crowded and exalted audience upon the fascinating songstress. I am very fond of archeologie, but I think that its proper place is in the museums and not on the stage. Therefore I wish Mr. Bagier, the manager *des Italiens* would better send in a special compartment of the exhibition two celebrated ruins he has presented the public with in *Don Pasquale*, which I need not nominate. About Cresci, who has never been a celebrity in his best days, it would be better to send him home at once. Dearest charming adelina among what a miserable *entourage* has she to fight her way through a whole opera!!! A sleepy *chef d'orchestre*; an uncertain orchestra; a deficient chorus, and a lot of primi and secondi cantanti of both sexes, partly quite beginners and partly invalids: singing almost all always out of tune, the young one for want of method and technical development of the voice, and the whole one for want of voice and breath. The second performance of the *Sonnambula* last night presented an evident prove of my assertions, and it was a real *tour-de-force* on the part of adelina Patti to go through it with the same enthusiasm earning the same success as on the first night. Her partners, solos and chorus, did not sing a single bar in time, not a single note in tune during the whole evening! But that is not at all surprising if you know that *le maître directeur du chant aux Italiens* Signor Alary is quite deaf!!!

SALVATORE SAVERIO BALDASSARE.

P.S.—I must tell to you M. Crosnier, ex-director of la Porte-Saint-Martin, of the Opera-Comique, and of the Opera, is dead at his chateau at Lèpan. He had gaged a large fortune which he massed thro' his habile direction of the three theatres. He was a man very distinguished and commander of the legion of honour.—S. S. B.

MDLLE. TIETJENS is in London.

MR. MAPLESON is in London.

SIGNOR AND MADAME FERRARI and the Misses Ferrari have returned from the Isle of Wight, and intend remaining in town during the season.

MR. G. B. ALLEN's new operetta is called a "*Wild*" Cherry, not a "*Mild*" Cherry, as was inadvertently printed in our last impression.

MR. VERNON RIGBY, a tenor, well known in London a year or two ago, has been singing with good success lately at Milan, Berlin, and Copenhagen. Mr. Rigby returns to England next week.

MR. JOHN FRANCIS BARNETT's cantata, *The Ancient Mariner*, the success of which at the Birmingham Festival our readers are acquainted with, is announced to be given by the Philharmonic Society of Liverpool on September 24. The principal vocalists are to be Miss Edith Wynne, Madame Patey-Whytock, Mr. Cummings, and Mr. Patey. The cantata will be conducted by the composer himself.

COVENT GARDEN CONCERTS.

The "classical night" on Thursday was dedicated to Mozart, and Signor Bottesini made out an unexceptionable programme, which included the overture to the *Zauberflöte*; *adagio* from the clarinet concerto in A, Mr. Lazarus solo player; fugue in C minor, performed by all the stringed instruments; the "Jupiter" Symphony; and two vocal pieces, "The Violet," sung by Mr. Wilford Morgan, and the air of Cherubino from *Le Nozze di Figaro*, "Voi che sapete," sung by Mdle. Sarolta. The audience was not exactly suited to the deep beauties and profundities of Mozart's music, although they recalled Mr. Lazarus after his performance of the clarinet concerto, and encored Mdle. Sarolta in her song, which lovely love song of the Page we must own we have heard given with greater charm of voice and nicer art. The band is to be complimented highly for their execution of the overture and symphony, neither of which, however, seemed to be understood by the hearers.

The enthusiasm that seemed kept down while listening to Mozart was rampant throughout the miscellaneous part. The grand selection from *Der Freischütz*, arranged in the most brilliant and effective manner by Signor Bottesini, created quite a furor. The selection includes the following solo performances:—Air for the cornet-à-piston, "Thro' the forest, thro' the meadows," played by Mr. Reynolds; drinking song, "Life is darkened o'er with care," for the bassoon, played by Mr. Winterbottom; song for the violin. "If a youth," performed by Mr. H. Weist Hill; and grand *scena* for flute, "Softly sighs the breath of evening," by Mr. R. S. Pratten. The other pieces introduced are: "Introduction" and part of overture; grand Incantation-scene, with solos for cornet, bassoon, ophicleide, and trombones; and the "Huntsman's Chorus." The last piece was encored with vociferous applause, and repeated with increased effect. The ice was now broken, and the audience went in (up to their necks) for encores. Mr. J. M. Wehli was called upon to go over again his *Faust* fantasia on the piano-forte, using for the occasion—as we are told—"an instrument manufactured on a novel principle expressly for these concerts by Messrs. Collard and Collard," when he gave his left handed show-piece, hardly, however, a novelty in this country, and which, indeed, Miss Kate Gordon had already recommended to the public, more particularly to the Margate folk who attended the Hall-by-the-Sea last year, when critical people were heard to say that, had the hands been more, and the pianoforte better toned and better in tune, the performance would have been more acceptable to delicate ears. Herr Strauss's new *valse*, "Tanz Signale" was furiously *bissed*, when the band played a popular polka, which was furiously *bissed*. Also were *bissed* Winterbottom's fantasia for the bassoon, executed by Winterbottom himself—a ready and well-breathed masterpiece; the Scotch song, "Charlie is my darling"—given with genuine archness by Mdle. Sarolta—and the ballad, "My Sweetheart when a Boy," sung by Mr. Wilford Morgan, and universally encored. This last, indeed, was the vocal hit of the evening. The concert concluded with Auber's sparkling overture to the *Bayadère*.

Madame Jetty Treffz, prevented from singing at the Mozart Concert on Thursday, will make her first appearance at the Covent Garden Concerts on Monday.

The "Classical Night" on Thursday will be devoted to Spohr, when the great Symphony, *The Power of Sound*, will be performed.

THE TWO OPERAS.

To the Editor of the MUSICAL WORLD.

SIR,—I have much pleasure in endorsing the opinions of your clever correspondent, M. W., expressed in last week's impression of the *Musical World*, in the matter of the two Italian operas. I was greatly impressed by the weight of argument brought into your correspondent's letter, the fairness with which managers and singers were treated, and the lucidity with which all was discussed. Who reads that letter need not look farther for an able statement of the musical doings in the Haymarket and Bow Street throughout the season. A few more letters of the kind, and the resuming of the very interesting epistles of Montague Shoot, from Paris, would be doubly welcome to the readers of the *Musical World* at this dull season of the year.—Your sometime correspondent,
PAUL MOIST.

Clouddesdale House, Riverton.

GLASGOW.—The Saturday Evening Concerts, conducted by the directors of the Glasgow Abstinents' Union, were inaugurated in the City Hall on Saturday evening, under the patronage of the Lord Provost and Magistrates. It is thirteen years since these concerts were instituted, and from that time to the present the efforts which the directors have made to provide a first-class entertainment have been crowned with success. The patronage which such exertions received has been constantly on the increase, and on many occasions within the past few years the City Hall, spacious as it is, has not been large enough to contain the numbers who clamoured for admission at the doors. Successful as these entertainments have been during the past seasons, the one which has just been entered upon will not be behind them in any respect. Should this not prove the case, the directors will not be to blame, as their arrangements are most complete. The engagements already completed include the names of Miss Louisa Pyne, Mdle. Vanzini, Madame Patey-Whytock, Miss Poole, Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. J. G. Patey, &c. The programme on Saturday included some of the best known and most highly esteemed songs, ballads, and duets; and the artists were Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, Miss Amalia Kling, Mr. Henry Varley, and Signor Foli. There was a large attendance, the hall being well filled in every part. Mr. Smith, president of the Union, occupied the chair. During the assembling of the audience Mr. Lambeth performed on the organ selections from Gounod's *Romeo et Juliette*, and the overture to the new drama of *Montrose*, and the concert was opened by the company singing the National Anthem. A duet, "Love and War," by Mr. Varley and Signor Foli, which followed, elicited an imperative encore. Miss Amalia Kling appeared for the first time before a Glasgow audience. She possesses a good contralto voice, but it would be an improvement if she would aim at more distinct pronunciation. This defect was noticeable in her first and second songs, "Una Voce," and "Come back to Erin." In "Home, sweet home," which she wisely substituted for a foreign air, she seemed to have eschewed this defect and was rewarded with a unanimous encore. Madame Sherrington was, of course, the bright star of the evening, and she was rapturously applauded, and recalled each time she appeared. Her best effort was the old song, "Love was once a little boy," although it was her singing of the song commencing "My heart is sair for somebody," in response to an encore, which gained her the most favour with the audience. Signor Foli has a magnificent bass voice, and his "Ruddier than the Cherry" was deservedly applauded. A pianoforte solo by Mr. Berger met with such a warm reception as to constrain that gentleman to repeat a portion of it. The concert altogether was a good one, and the directors have every reason to congratulate themselves upon its success. *North British Daily Mail*, Sept. 9th.

DUMFRIES.—Yesterday evening the second concert took place in the Mechanics' Hall under the auspices of the Dumfries and Maxwelltown Choral Society, and was, like its predecessor, highly successful. A large and varied programme had been struck out, and two well-known artists—Miss Anna Hiles, from the Royal English Opera, and Mr. David Lambert, the Durham bass—had been advertised to appear. There was a full and fashionable attendance. The instrumentalists, headed by Herr John Ludwig, of the Scottish Borderers, numbered six; Herr Adolph von Holst presided at the piano; and nearly sixty members of the association supplied a capital chorus. Mr. J. G. Gooden officiated as conductor. The first part, consisting of sacred pieces, opened with the air and chorus, "The Marvellous Work"—the air by Miss Hiles. Mr. Lambert next gave the recitative and air, "Straight opening her fertile Womb." "Now Heaven in fullest Glory shone." Miss Hiles sang "With verdure clad," and afterwards joined Mr. Lambert in the duet, "Graceful Consort." All are from Haydn's *Creation*, and each was given with marked ability. Mr. Lambert also sang Handel's "Why do the nations," and Miss Hiles and Miss Marshall (Dumfries) took the duet in "Hail, Judea, happy land"—both it and the chorus being warmly applauded. There was an unmistakable feeling of satisfaction when Herr Ludwig's band struck up a medley of select Scotch airs. "Tell me my heart," was sung with sweetness and expression by Miss Hiles, who, being encored, gave "Coming through the Rye." Mr. Lambert followed with "I'm a Roamer," and Herr von Holst with a solo on the piano, "Caledonia," both of which elicited applause, the former answering with "The Holy Friar," which he gave in a style that was appreciated. He and Miss Hiles were alike successful in the duet, "Think a Sailor is faithful," and seldom have we listened to "The Bellsinger" rendered with finer feeling than on this occasion by Mr. Lambert. "When the Cuckoo comes again" was charmingly warbled by Miss Hiles; "I'm not myself at all" was sung with much humour by Mr. Lambert; and the duet, "A B C," was given in rare spirit by both. The programme was brought to a close by Messrs. Gooden, Ewart, and Lambert in the humorous *serenata*, "Maiden fair! O, deign to tell."—(Abridged from the *Dumfries and Galloway Standard*, Sept. 11.)

Mr. OBERTHUR has returned to London from his tour through Germany.

BELFAST.—In consequence of the unpleasant character of the evening the attendance at the concert last night was limited, the balcony being the only part of the hall that had anything like a fair quota of visitors. Miss Lucy Franklein again appeared. Her first number was the *arietta* "Nella Calma," from M. Gounod's opera, *Romeo et Juliette*. It contains a good deal of very florid and difficult music, which, however, Miss Franklein sang beautifully. A very seasonable song, composed by Mr. Cellier, and entitled, "Farewell to Summer," was her next selection. The words are simple and tuneful, and to them Mr. Cellier has coupled a most pleasing melody. The idea has been closely adhered to throughout, and the song cannot fail to become popular, if always interpreted with the same effect as last night. At its conclusion the executant and composer were loudly called for. In "Mabel's Resolve," an encore was awarded the vocalist, when she sang "Tomorrow will do just as well." The pieces of organ music seemed to give little satisfaction to the audience—a fact which was more attributable to the character of the selections than to the manner in which they were performed. An exception, however, must be made to the march from *Tannhäuser*, which was quite a relief from its companions. Mr. Cellier played the pianoforte accompaniments most skilfully.—*Northern Whig*, Sept. 10.

MISS KATE GORDON, the pianist, has been giving a series of concerts during the past week at Tenby and Pembroke in South Wales. The fair *beneficiaire* was assisted by Miss Marie Stocken, Miss Julia Derby, and Mr. Alfred Hemming, the popular tenor, as vocalists. Miss Gordon met with much success in Benedict's Welsh fantasia, Thalberg's "Home, sweet home," Asher's "Alice," and other *bravura* pieces, in several of which she was encored. Miss Marie Stocken gained legitimate success in Balfe's "The Lay of the Captive Lark," the Welsh ballad, "The Ash Grove," and, with Mr. Alfred Hemming and Miss Julia Derby, in Mr. Leslie's trio, "O Memory," Balfe's "I'm not the Queen," and other concerted pieces. Miss Julia Derby was equally successful in "The Minstrel Boy," Reichardt's "Thou art so near," "How to ask and have," and, with Mr. A. Hemming, Verdi's duet, "Si m'ami ancor," all of which were much applauded. Mr. A. Hemming was encored in "Alice, where art thou," Brahms's "The Anchor's Weighed," and "The Death of Nelson."—B. E.

HARBOUR.—The Spa concerts at the above fashionable resort, under the direction of Mr. Julian Adams, have been most successful during the season. In addition to a military and string band, the services of Miss Grace Armytage, the favourite soprano singer, and Mr. H. Sanders, the baritone, have obtained a legitimate success.

BRIGHTON.—Fraulein Mehlhorn inaugurates the Brighton concert next week by giving one of her agreeable recitals of classical and modern vocal music. Monsieur E. de Paris will preside at the pianoforte, and the arrangements are in the hands of Messrs. Lyon and Hall. Herr Immanuel Liebich has also announced a series of four *matinées*, at which he will play his arrangements, as duets for the pianoforte, of some of the symphonies and overtures by the great masters.

M. RUHAULT, the well known music publisher of the Boulevards des Italiens, Paris, is about to marry Mdle. Armand formerly of the *Odéon Theatre*, Paris.

FRENCH OPERAS TRANSFERRED TO THE ITALIAN STAGE.—Apropos of the understood intention of M. Bagier to bring out Auber's *Domino Noir* at the Théâtre Italien, the Parisian journal, *L'Art Musical*, has the following remarks:—"An eccentric idea has, it appears, penetrated into the brain of a director of the Théâtre Italien. If we are to credit certain journals, this director has entered into an engagement with M. Zaffira—whose translations of French operas into the Italian language are far from being models—to adapt for the Italian stage, guess what work! *Le Domino Noir*. And how is this to be accomplished? M. Auber not feeling disposed to write the recitatives for the transformation of his *chef-d'œuvre*, the dialogue, it is said, will be simply spoken, as in the *Opéra-comique*. The French comic opera is quite national in style. To produce it in another language, and on another stage than the French stage, without its spoken dialogue, would be to deprive it altogether of its character. The Italian opera, with spoken dialogue and accompanied recitative, would be the gravest of errors. Those who think otherwise would commingle and destroy the art of two ages. Let us leave to each nation its individuality; the style of the French *Opéra-comique* belongs to us. Let us guard precious, but not attempt to impose on Italy, our individuality; she has her own; and the best proof that this individuality is sympathetic is that it is accepted by the entire world. Our comic opera, on the contrary, does not leave its native country, and when a work, by way of exception, passes the frontiers, it is necessary to convert the prose of the dialogue into rhythmic and accompanied recitative."

THE FIRST DEBUT OF HENRIETTE SONTAG.

(Translated from the "Gartenlaube.")

With his fragrant coffee on the table before him, his finely-flavoured pipe in his mouth, sat Herr Holbein, manager of the Prague Theatre; yet he felt relish for neither of his favourites, and dark clouds rested upon his brow. Indeed, the position of manager is not one calculated always to colour with rose tints the humour of its occupant. "A Prima Donna! A kingdom for a Prima Donna!" cried the poor, troubled man; for he had promised to procure one in place of his own who had fallen sick, and he knew not how he could keep his word. The celebrated tenor singer, Gerstacker—the father of the renowned traveller—who was visiting in the city, had so delighted the public with his magnificent voice and exquisite style, that, in spite of the heat of summer, he was eagerly called for, to appear in opera. Now, without one to fill the place of the invalid soprano, this of course would be impossible. As it was expected of him to furnish the wanting element, was it wonderful that the manager's Mocha had lost its flavour, and that his brow was clouded? With a gentle knock at the door, his friend, the Capellmeister and opera director, Herr Friebeensee, entered, and the first sound meeting his ear was the almost despairing cry:

"It is well that you have come; help me, stand by me. A kingdom for a soprano singer, were it but for one rôle!"

"First give me the kingdom and then I will furnish the singer," was the laughing reply. "But what is the rôle?"

Gerstacker has declared his willingness to sing John of Paris. It is said to be one of his best parts; everything is ready for the representation, the only thing wanting is the Princess of Navarra."

"Only Donna Clara, Princess of Navarra? Why, I should say everything was wanting then," said Friebeensee, playfully, when looking up at the other's sorry face, he continued, still cheerfully, but consolingly, too, "Hold up your head, Holbein! I will see to the wanting trifle. I will provide you with a most serene princess. I have one among my scholars."

"Who, dear, who is this pearl?"

"Feterl, Sontag's pretty little daughter. She is a little star, full of wisdom and talent—full of understanding and enthusiasm. She is just studying with me the rôle of the Princess of Navarra. So then, in five days—too long? Why, man, you are unreasonable? Well, then, in three days you can give the opera; that is, if Gerstacker will sing with the little one, for she is young—very young, indeed."

"And you think she will succeed—she will not disgrace us?"

"She! Disgrace us? Certainly not."

"Then it is decided. Your word is enough for me. Thank God, there is a load gone from my heart!" And the happy manager sprang joyfully up, while the Capellmeister took a speedy leave, and hastened off to his pupil.

At the house door he was met by the silvery, bell-like tones of Henriette's voice, and the old teacher's heart glowed with pleasure at finding his favourite pupil at her studies so early in the morning, and when she was not expecting him either. Softly he opened her door, and, unseen by the charming girl, who was sitting at the piano, stood eagerly listening, smiling with satisfaction when she sang a passage over and over until she had it perfect. At last, when she had finished a phrase of the most extremely difficult *colorit*, with astonishing skill and sureness, he could maintain silence no longer but heartily clapping his hands, he cried:—

"You are a glorious girl, Feterl, and in three days you shall appear as the Princess, in *John of Paris*."

The young girl, who had sprung quickly up, and, all glowing with the praise and applause, hastened towards her teacher, now fell back in affright at this startling news, unable to speak a word, plainly showing her feeling by her expressive face and clear blue eyes.

"My dear child, keep up your courage," said Friebeensee, soothingly, when he saw her standing there so pale and trembling; "Do you think I would have said you could sing the Princess if I had not been sure of it? And will you not do credit to your old friend and teacher?—shall he not be proud of you?"

A quiver of joy thrilled through the charming form of the young girl. The roses bloomed once more on the cheek that had been so pale—the roses of fresh, early youth, almost childhood; the eyes beamed with courage and enthusiasm; the whole face was illuminated as though transfigured by the pure dedication to art, and, with a firm voice, Henriette said:

"You have said, master, that I can do it; your word shall not be brought to shame! I shall be ready in three days to appear as the Princess of Navarra."

"God bless you, my child!"

"Do you know that Gerstacker is going to sing John of Paris tomorrow?" cried one passer-by to another. "I am hurrying off to get tickets. They say there is a large crowd around the box."

"But the first singer is sick; who is going to give the Princess?"

"Little Sontag, the daughter of the actress!"

"She? Why, it is not long since she was playing the rôles of children—she was always a fine child, but she must be very young."

These and similar expressions might be heard in the streets the day before the representation, and on the following evening, too, when notwithstanding the intense heat, a large audience eagerly waited the artistic treat of hearing the distinguished guest in John of Paris.

At last Gerstacker appeared, and played and sang so that it was a pleasure to listen to him, and he was met by bursts of enthusiastic applause. Now and then acquaintances would remark to each other: "Poor little Henriette—poor child, how unfortunate that she should make her *début* with so great an artist!"

And now the approach of the Princess was announced. All eyes were turned towards the door, on the threshold of which there suddenly appeared one of the purest and loveliest apparitions that have ever been seen upon the stage. Two years later, when Henriette Sontag again appeared in public, a magic flower had grown out of the lovely bud, that even now combined such grace, loveliness, and maidenly dignity, that all hearts were irresistibly drawn towards the being that looked more like an angel than aught else. And when John, overcome by the sight of the noble *donna*, sings:—

"Lovely is she as a flower,
Tender goodness in her eye,
And in every feature power
Of reflecting joy their lies!"

—the eyes of the assembled audience were bent upon the young girl standing there as the embodiment of these words, and the murmur of satisfaction grew more and more perceptible.

With true womanly modesty, yet with neither awkwardness nor timidity, the Princess advanced, and the first tones pealed forth from her rosy lips with a clearness, a sweet, ardent fulness, that possessed the power of spreading throughout the now excited audience the stillness of the grave. In Henriette's great blue eyes, the mirror of her pure soul, there kindled a yet brighter light than before, when the first soft "bravo" fell upon her ear; it had for her more value than a whole storm of applause, for it came from her teacher, the old Capellmeister, who, enraptured not only with the purity of her intonation, but the dignity of her bearing, could no longer repress his delight. The old man had no intention, however, that his softly-spoken bravo should be the signal, as it was, for a burst of the most stormy applause that has ever yet been bestowed upon so youthful a candidate. This universal burst of applause at first not only surprised but confused the maiden, so that for one moment her voice trembled; but she bravely conquered her emotion, and then, encouraged by the recognition, the notes rang forth with yet more fulness, clearness, and freshness, until a wondrously beautiful trill, of a roundness of tone and remarkable duration—so that the Capellmeister was forced to hold his breath in amazement—ended the exquisite *aria*, "With what wondrous ardour." From this moment the victory was sure, and with that *aria* the young novice in art had elevated herself to the rank of an artist, and the great Gerstacker had to be content to share the triumph of the evening with a young *débütante*.

Henriette was received behind the scenes at the end of the first act by her delighted mother and her deeply moved teacher.

"I knew that my brave girl would not disgrace me, but I scarcely thought she would make her old teacher so proud," said the old man. "That was a trill! I thought it was never coming to an end; it would have terrified me had I not been so completely overwhelmed with joy. Such a little 'Backfisch,' and yet she can sing so that I must take my hat off to her in reverence. Listen, Feterl, one day you will have a rich harvest of glory and honour, and when they press the laurel wreaths upon your brow, think sometimes of your old teacher, then perhaps resting in the quiet grave!"

Deeply affected, the maiden silently bore the honoured hand to her lips. And now both she and Gerstacker must again appear.

In the second act, the favourite Troubadour song caused great furor; John of Paris was obliged to repeat his part, but in case of the Princess once did not suffice. *Da capo*, and again *da capo*—for the third time Henriette must sing hers; the audience grew ever warmer in their enthusiasm—and it was not forced applause, nor feigned ardour, but the pure outburst of intense satisfaction, mingled in regard to Henriette Sontag with a joyful amazement that one so young could accomplish so much. Amid the tumult of rejoicing at the highly artistic treat—for never had Gerstacker been seen to such advantage—the curtain fell.

Thus ended the first, and altogether unpremeditated appearance of the youthful singer. Truly, no singer ever met with greater, better merited triumph; no woman's name ever shone more brightly amid the triple crown of greatest artist, truest, most excellent wife, and most faithful mother.

Now she rests from her labours—from her rich, varied life; but the name of Henriette Sontag still lives. May it long be honoured!

A CONCERT ON MOUNT ST. BERNARD.

In the last number but one of our paper we published the "Groans of a Tourist," who complained that there is not a single corner of the earth to be found where there are no concerts. Had we met the Tourist we should have told him that Mount St. Bernard would be a safe place of refuge. He would, probably, have believed us, and we should have been—quite mistaken, for, on the 30th August, a concert was given on Little Mount St. Bernard. There—6,000 feet above the level of the sea—the traveller may discover a small hamlet, containing nine houses and a ferruginous spring. In this hamlet were collected some twenty persons, who had been assured by their physicians that, if they drank every day, and at an elevation of 6,000 feet, twelve or fifteen tumblers of an ink-coloured, but exceedingly ferruginous liquid, they would most certainly be cured. To this spot came Mongini, the tenor. He was recognized, and teased by the poor patients and a few tourists, till he, at last, gave them a sort of concert in a large room. Before the concert began, a candelabrum, with three petroleum lamps, was knocked down. The oil spilt about created a fearful stench. But neither the singer nor the audience allowed themselves to be long put out by this circumstance. Mongini sang admirably, and the audience shouted as though they had been at a benefit-performance. The most remarkable fact is that in one of the little houses a spinet was found. A gentleman from Milan accompanied on it the amiable tenor. Thus our concert-fearing Tourist will, next year, have to avoid Mount St. Bernard as well as other places.—*Neue Berliner Musik-Zeitung.*

MR. AND MRS. AGUILAR, as well as Mr. Charles Hall and Mr. King Hall, are still at Margate. Mr. King Hall's new Galop has been played every evening with great success at the Hall-by-the-Sea.

PISA.—The monument, raised in the Campo-Santo to the celebrated *cantatrice*, Madame Catalani, was inaugurated a few days since. The monument represents Saint Cecilia, the Patroness of Musicians.

THE CONSERVATIVE LAND SOCIETY.—The 7th of September was the sixteenth anniversary of this society, which has issued 27,525 shares at £50—namely, £1,376,250, on which £1,093,263 14s. have been paid. The sale of land has amounted to £527,528 16s. The society has been the means of enabling thousands of all classes of the community, not only to obtain the freehold franchise in counties, but votes for towns and boroughs, and has also promoted building operations in twenty-six counties, opened new roads and communications, and given free sites for churches.

WOBURN, BEDS.—(From a Correspondent.)—A concert was given in the Town Hall of this place on Saturday, Sept. 7, by the Walworth (London) Glee Union, under the direction of Mr. W. Gadsby. An inspiring programme of part-songs, glees, &c., was made up with some of the best compositions of Bishop, Hatton and other writers, which were sung with so refreshing a degree of spirit and precision as to call forth the hearty commendations of the audience. Mr. Gadsby sang Ardit's "Stirrup Cup," and Balfe's "Traveller's all of every station," very effectively; and Miss Ellen Dix, whose graceful singing of Bishop's "Bid me discourse," and Randegger's "Joyous life," was well and deservedly appreciated, contributed very materially to the complete success of the concert. In response to a generally expressed wish that the Glee Union should visit Woburn again, it only awaits a suitable opportunity for doing so.

MUSIC RECEIVED FOR REVIEW.

LONGMANS & Co.—"Part-Music for Soprano, Alto, Tenor, and Bass"—edited by John Hullah. Secular Series, No. 10.

Advertisements.

DR. STOLBERG'S VOICE LOZENGE,

For invigorating and enriching the voice, and removing affections of the throat,

HAS maintained its high character for a quarter of a century; and the flattering testimonials received from Grist, Persant, Labache, and many of the Clergy and Statesmen, fully establish its great virtues. No Vocalist or public speaker should be without it. To be obtained of all Wholesale and Retail Chemists in the United Kingdom.

Published This Day,

"SWEET DORA."

SWEET DORA. Mdlle. LIEBHART's New Ballad.

SWEET DORA. New Ballad, composed by G. B. ALLEN

SWEET DORA. New Ballad, by G. B. ALLEN. Price

4s. Sent free for 25 stamps.

London: DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

Under Press,

THE FLOWER GIRL. New Ballad, by GEORGE B. ALLEN. Price 4s.

London: DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

THE LITTLE ROAMER. New Ballad, by GEORGE B. ALLEN. Price 4s.

London: DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

SHE USED TO SAY HE LOVED ME. New Ballad, by GEORGE B. ALLEN. Price 4s.

London: DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

Third Edition.

THE LOVER AND THE BIRD. Transcription Bril-lante for the Pianoforte, by KUEH. Price 4s.

THE LOVER AND THE BIRD. Transcription Variée for the Pianoforte, by EMILE BERGER. Price 4s.

THE LOVER AND THE BIRD. Transcribed as a Duet for the Pianoforte, by HENRY TILLYARD. Price 4s.

London: DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

LEVY WALTZ, by GUGLIELMO. Illustrated with a magnificent Portrait of the Great Cornet Player, LEVY. An unprecedented fact: this waltz has now been played upwards of thirty nights at the Agricultural Hall, and every night encored. "The Levy Waltz" is probably destined, as the Ballad, "The Lover and the Bird," by the same composer, to attain a popularity hitherto unparalleled in compositions of this kind. Price 4s.; sent free for 25 stamps.

London: DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

THE VOICE & SINGING

ADOLFO FERRARI.

The great success of Signor ADOLFO FERRARI's celebrated method for The FORMATION AND CULTIVATION OF THE VOICE FOR SINGING, has necessitated a NEW EDITION (Revised and Augmented), price 12s.

London: DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent-street, W.

And may be obtained of Signor FERRARI, at his residence, 32, Gloucester Terrace, Hyde Park, W.

NEW SPANISH SONG,

"THE BEAUTIFUL DAUGHTERS OF SPAIN."

Written by Mrs. WILLIAM CRAWFORD.

The Music composed by AUGUSTUS GREVILLE.

Price 3s.

"One of the most charming and brilliant songs of the present day."

London: DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

NEW CONTRALTO SONG,

As sung by Mdlle. DRASDIL, Miss JULIA ELTON, Madame LAURA BAXTER, Madame SAUERBREY, etc.,

"THE HINDOO WIDOW"

Written by HENRY FORBES WHITE.

The Music composed by WELLINGTON GUERNSEY.

Price 3s.

London: DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

Just Published,

"HE HATH REMEMBERED HIS MERCY," SACRED SONG.

Sung by Miss EDITH WYNN.

The Words from the 98th Psalm.

The Music composed by GEORGE RUSSELL.

Price 3s.

London: DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

Just Published, the Celebrated

"LIGHT DIVISION POLKA,"

FOR PIANOFORTE, WITH CORNET ACCOMPANIMENT,

As performed by the Military Bands of the British Army, and at Her Majesty's State Balls. Composed by

WELLINGTON GUERNSEY.

Price 3s.; Full Orchestra Parts, 5s.

London: DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

NEW SONGS.

We'd better bide a wee.

By CLARIBEL. Sung by Mdle. LIEBHART, 4s.

Clochette.

By JAMES MOLLOY. Sung by Madame SHERRINGTON. 4s.

When all the World is Young.

By ELIZABETH PHILP. The Words by the Rev. CHARLES KINGSLEY. Price 3s. Sung by Mr. PATEY.

"This is a song which, sung with spirit and feeling, will not speedily be forgotten."—*Illustrated News*.

Will he come?

By ARTHUR SULLIVAN. Sung by Madame SAINTON-DOLBY and Miss WYNNE. 4s.

Clear and Cool.

By DOLORES. The Words by the Rev. CHARLES KINGSLEY. Companion to "The Brook." 3s.

Sleep.

By DOLORES. The Poetry by Keats. 3s.

Bye-and-bye.

By VIRGINIA GABRIEL. Sung by Madame SAINTON-DOLBY. 4s.

Love came playing.

By VIOLETTA. 3s.

"A genuine tune that at once catches the ear."—*Musical Standard*.

Give.

By ARTHUR SULLIVAN. Sung by Miss EDITH WYNNE. 3s.

Out on the Rocks.

Composed and sung by Madame SAINTON-DOLBY. 4s.

Kathleen's Answer.

By CLARIBEL. Being a reply to "Come back to Erin." 3s.

All Along the Valley.

By ALFRED TENNYSON. The Music by CLARIBEL. 3s.

Only at home.

By VIRGINIA GABRIEL. Sung by Madame SAINTON-DOLBY. 4s.

The Portrait.

Composed and sung by Madame SHERRINGTON. 3s.

Strangers yet.

By CLARIBEL. Sung by Madame SAINTON-DOLBY. Tenth Edition. 4s.

BOOSEY & CO., 28, HOLLES STREET, LONDON

MR. NEWBY'S NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Narrative of a Journey to Morocco in 1863-4.

By the late THOMAS HODGKIN, M.D. Illustrated (from his sketches taken on the spot) with Chromo-lithographs in the best style of the Art; together with a Medallion Portrait of the Author, and a Portrait of Sir MOSES MONTAZEM, Bart. In one vol., Imperial 8vo., price 21s.

In One Volume, price 12s. (This Day),

The Spas of Germany, France, Italy, Switzerland, etc.: A Handbook of the Principal Watering Places on the Continent. By THOMAS MOORE MADDEN, M.D., Author of "Change of Climate," etc.

In One Volume, price 12s.,

On Change of Climate: A Guide for Travellers in Search of Health. By T. M. MADDEN, M.D., F.R.C.S.

"Dr. Madden has been to most of the places he describes, and his book contains the advantage of a guide, with the personal experience of a traveller. To persons who have determined that they ought to have change of climate we can recommend Dr. Madden as a guide."—*Athenaeum*.

"It contains much valuable information respecting various favourite places of resort, and is evidently the work of a well-informed physician."—*Lancet*.

In One Volume, 10s. 6d.,

Naples and Sicily under the Bourbons.

"The author's account of the country is one of the freshest and most entertaining we have ever read. It is replete with anecdote and sparkling wit. It is a capital book for the seaside, for it is more engrossing than most novels."—*Bell's Messenger*.

THE MOST POPULAR NEW NOVELS,

IN CIRCULATION AT EVERY LIBRARY.

New Nobility. By BENEDICT WHIPERN.

"A novel of society—the ancient and aristocratic rich, the ancient and aristocratic needy, and *les morceaux riches*—the last furnishing the fun, the second the pathos, and the first the fashion."—*Morning Post*.

Playing on the Brink. By J. F. CORKRAN, Author of "East and West."

Sir Cyrus of Stonycleft. By MRS. WOOD. 2nd Edition.

"Contains marks of talent and flashes of interest."—*Athenaeum*.

"It exhibits great power and admirable delineation of character."—*Brighton Examiner*.

Which will Triumph? By A. LE GUYT.

"The aim of this novel is to give the 'triumph' to all that is great and good."—*Athenaeum*.

Lost at the Winning Post. Two Vols.

The Pettyshams: A Tale of Ivywater.

The Little Rift. Dedicated to Lady EMILY FITZMAURICE.

The Chefford People. Two Vols.

Lilian's Inheritance. By MRS. W. MURRAY.

The Dawn and the Object. By MRS. DAVENPORT.

The Master of Wingbourne. Two Vols.

The Turn of the Tide. Two Vols.

THE GREAT SUCCESSES

AT THE

Belgian Ball & Concert

WERE

DAN GODFREY'S

Belgian
Quadrille

AND

Belgravia
Waltz.

Price 4s. each, Solo or Duet.

CHAPPELL & Co., 50, New Bond St.

New Edition. Illustrated.

THE

British Army
Quadrille,

BY

JULLIEN,

Introducing all the most popular National Melodies, now
being performed at the Grand Concerts, Agricultural Hall,
producing the greatest enthusiasm.

Piano Solo, 5s.; Piano Duet, 5s.

METZLER & CO.,

37, GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET,
LONDON, W.

TO BE HAD OF ALL MUSICSELLERS

JUST PUBLISHED,

The Ancient Mariner,

CANTATA,

COMPOSED EXPRESSLY FOR THE

Birmingham Musical Festival,
1867,

BY

JOHN F. BARNETT.

Price, in Paper Covers, 6s.; Cloth Boards, 8s.

THE FOLLOWING MAY BE HAD SEPARATE:—

The Ship was cheered	3s.
(Arranged as a Song)	
A fair breeze blew	3s.
Sung by Mdlle. TIETJENS.	
Down dropt the breeze	3s.
Sung by Mr. SIMS REEVES.	
O happy living things	3s.
Sung by Mr. SANTLEY.	
O Sleep, it is a gentle thing	3s.
Sung by Madame PATEY-WHYTOCK	
Two voices in the air (Duet)	4s.
Sung by Mdlle. TIETJENS and Mdlle. PATEY-WHYTOCK	
Swiftly flew the Ship	4s.
Sung by Mr. SANTLEY	
The Harbour Bay	3s.
Sung by Mr. SIMS REEVES	

CHORUS PARTS, Three Shillings each.

Various Arrangements and Transcriptions for the Pianoforte
are in the Press.

LONDON:

HUTCHINGS & ROMER,
9, Conduit Street, Regent Street, W.

SYDNEY SMITH'S FOUR New Pieces.

“Eloquence,”

MELODY.

PRICE FOUR SHILLINGS.

“L’Arc-en-ciel,”

MORCEAU ÉLÉGANT.

PRICE FOUR SHILLINGS.

“Memories of Home,”

ROMANCE.

PRICE FOUR SHILLINGS.

“Fra Diavolo,”

FANTASIA ON AUBER'S OPERA.

PRICE FOUR SHILLINGS.

LONDON:

ASHDOWN & PARRY,
18, HANOVER SQUARE.